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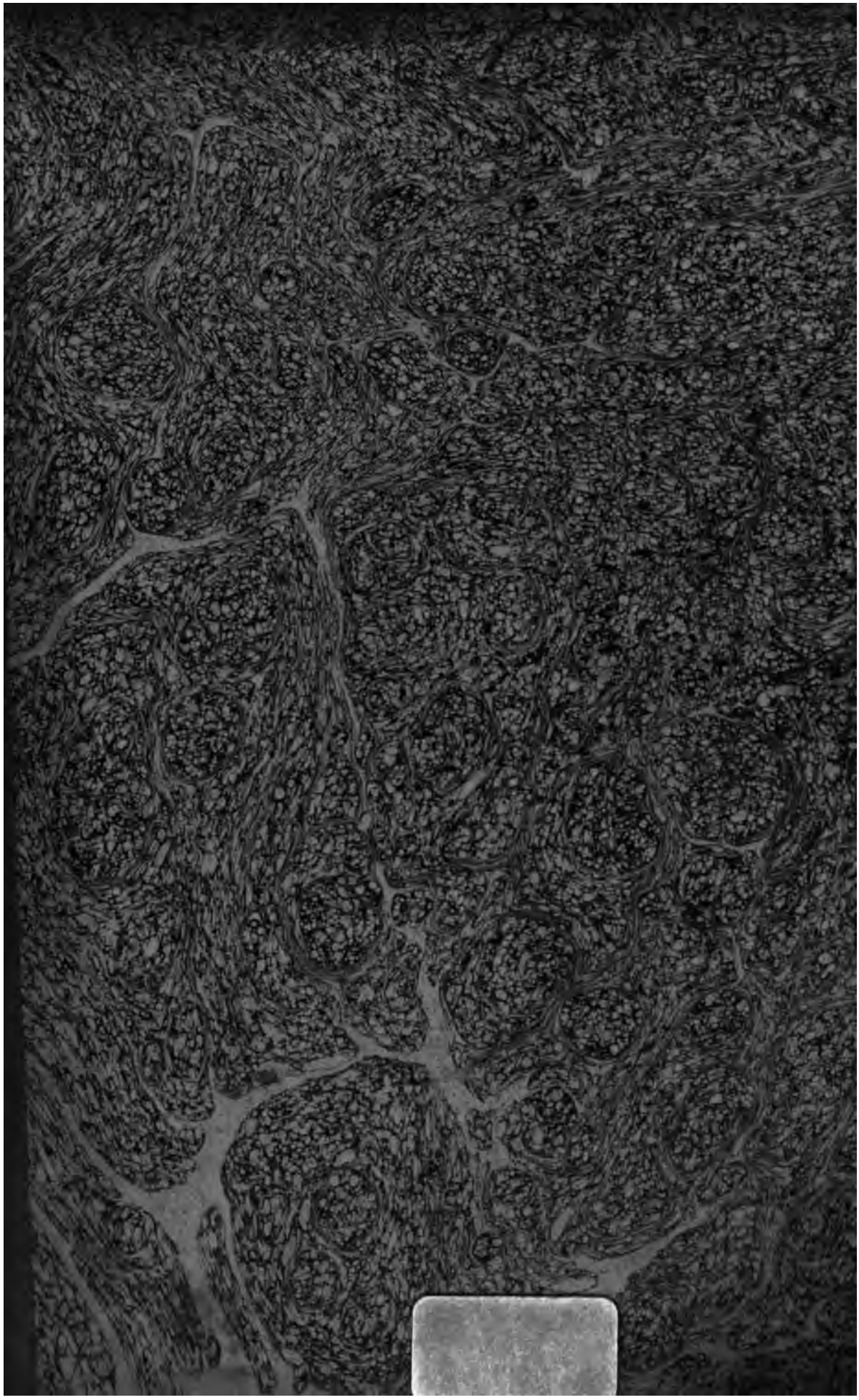

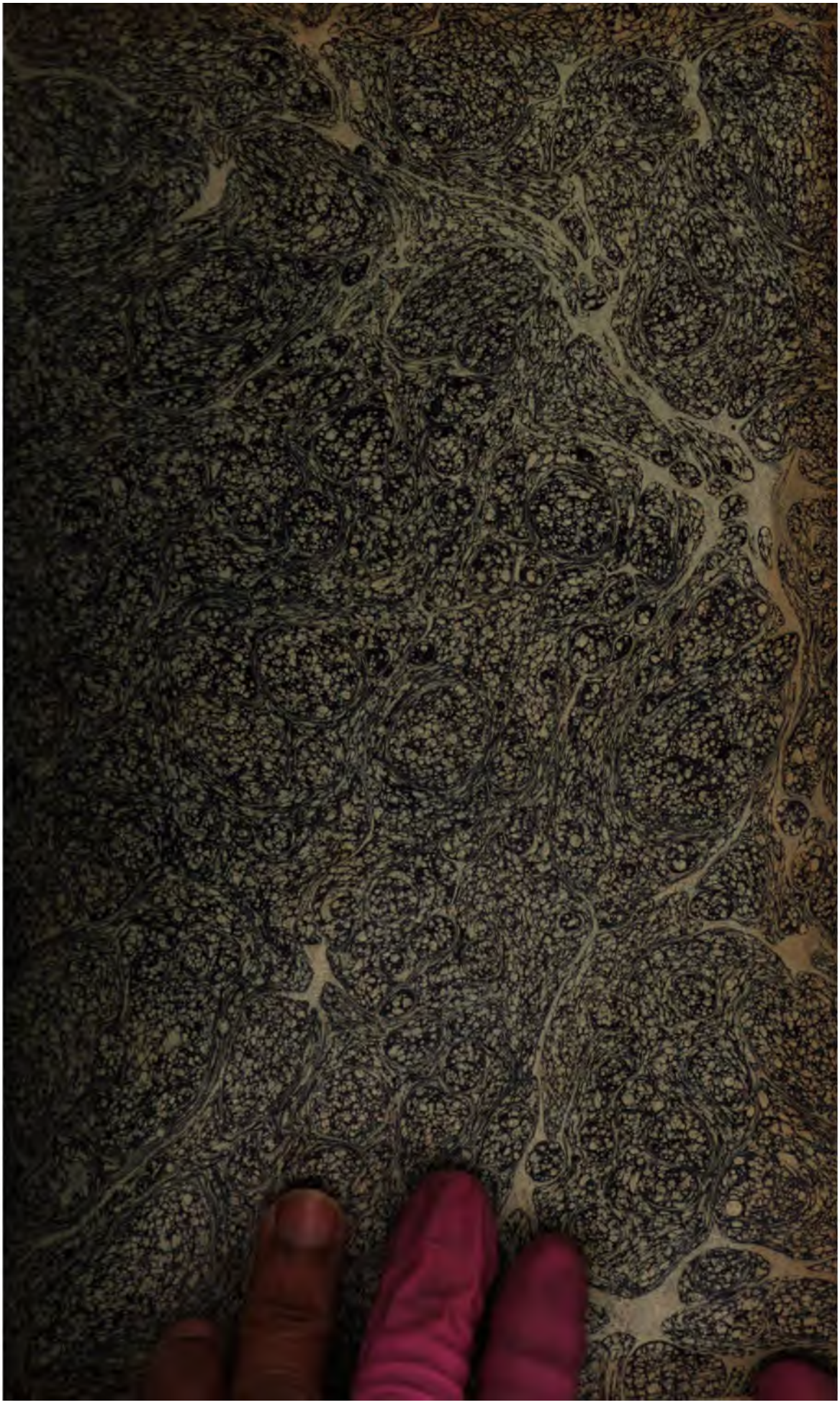

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE

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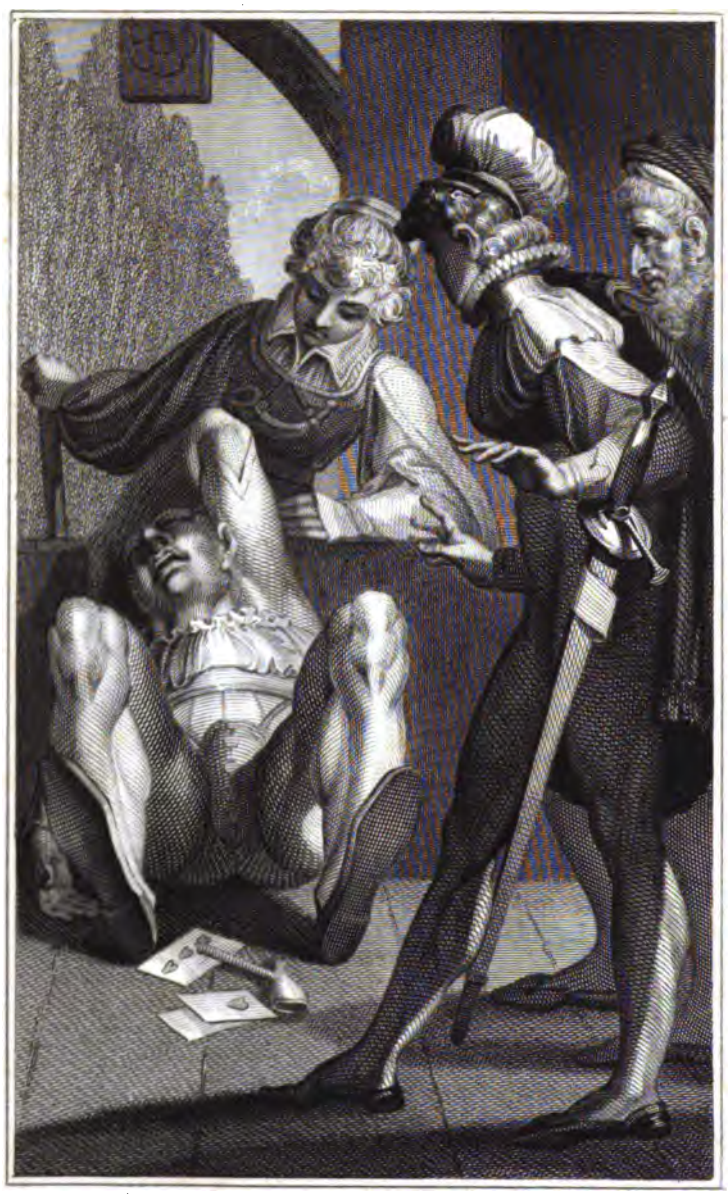
OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

C. and R. Baldwin, Printers,
New Bridge-street, London.



Fuseli R.A. Inv.t *C Warren Sc.*

Lord. *O. Monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies.*

Publish'd by F. & C. Rivington. London. Aug. 2. 1803.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Accurately printed from the Text of the corrected Copy left by the late

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

WITH

A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS OF

HENRY FUSELI, Esq. R. A. Professor of Painting:

AND A SELECTION

OF EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL NOTES,

From the most eminent Commentators;

A History of the Stage, a Life of Shakspeare, &c.

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING

TAMING OF THE SHREW.
WINTER'S TALE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MACBETH.

LONDON:

Printed for F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Johnson; R. Baldwin; H. L. Gardner; W. J. and J. Richardson; J. Nichols and Son; T. Payne; R. Faulder; G. and J. Robinson; W. Lowndes; G. Wilkie; Scatcherd and Letterman; T. Egerton; J. Walker; W. Clarke and Son; J. Barker and Son; D. Ogilvy and Son; Cuthell and Martin; R. Lea; P. Macqueen; Lackington, Allen and Co.; T. Kay; J. Deighton; J. White; W. Miller; Vernor and Hood; D. Walker; C. Law; B. Crosby and Co.; R. Pheney; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Cadell and Davies; J. Harding; R. H. Evans; S. Bagster; J. Mawman; Blacks and Parry; J. Badcock; J. Asperne; and T. Ostell.

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TAMING

OF

THE SHREW.*

* TAMING OF THE SHREW.] We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play: "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of *William of Worcester*, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled *The Booke of Sir Thomas More*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord. } *Persons in the Induction.*

Baptista, *a rich Gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Pisa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a Suitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, Hortensio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, Curtis, } *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old Fellow set up to personate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew*; Bianca, *her Sister*, *Widow*. } *Daughters to* Baptista.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; *and sometimes in* Petruchio's *House in the Country.*

TAMING

OF

THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you,[1] in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:[2] Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[3] let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[4]

[1] *I'll pheese you,*] To *pheese* or *fease,* is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze,* for to *harrass,* to *plague,* or to *beat.* Perhaps *I'll pheese you,* may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head,* a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions.

[2] —— *no* rogues:] That is, *vagrants,* no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *paucas pallabris;*] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras,* i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa,* i. e. be quiet.

[4] —— *you have* burst?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. *Burst* is still used for *broke* in the North of England.

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[5]

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.[6] [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,[7]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

[5] —— *Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] These phrases are allusions to a fustian old play, called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy, which was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time.

[6] —— *the* thirdborough.] The office of *Thirdborough* is the same with that of *Constable,* except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant.

[7] Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is* emboss'd,] The Commentators are not agreed as to the meaning of *brach;* it is a species of hound, but of what kind, uncertain. Mr. Malone thinks that Brach is a verb; and Sir T. Hanmer reads *Leech* Merriman: i. e. apply some remedies to him.

Emboss'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd.* A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground,) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd:* from the French word *bosse,* which signifies a tumour.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[8] gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent.
If it be husbanded with modesty.[9]

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

[8] *This do, and do it* kindly,] *Kindly*, means naturally.

[9] —— *modesty*.] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess.

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.[1]

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto, that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[2]

[1] —— *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *take them to the* buttery,] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: " — the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers:* and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

At the period when this comedy was written, and for many years after, the profession of a player was scarcely allowed to be

And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a* Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion[3] will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

reputable. The imagined dignity of those who did not belong to itinerant companies, is, therefore, unworthy consideration. I can as easily believe that the blundering editors of the first folio were suffered to lean their hands on Queen Elizabeth's chair of state, as that they were admitted to the table of the Earl of Leicester, or the toilette of Lady Hunsdon. Like Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, the greatest indulgence our histrionic leaders could have expected, would have been "a trencher and a napkin in the *buttery*." STEEVENS.

[3] *An* onion—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes.

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.——
[*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dressed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?
3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stock-

ings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;[4] by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught:[5] Here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Musick.*

[4] —— *of* Burton-heath;——*Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of* Wincot,] I suspect we should read —*Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *I am not* bestraught:] *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or distracted.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants *present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,[6]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

[6] —— *leet,*] At the *Court-leet,* or courts of the manor.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with Attendants.*

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord; I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept
Above some fifteen year and more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?[7]

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, houshold stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

[7] *Is not a* commonty *a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It is* not a *commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious[8] studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,[9]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

[8] —— *ingenious* —] It was probably written — *ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. In Cole's *Dictionary*, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."

[9] —— *to* serve *all hopes conceiv'd,*] To fulfil the expectations of his friends.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,[1]
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk:
Musick and poesy use to quicken you;[2]
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondella, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,

[1] —— *Aristotle's* checks,] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

[2] —— *to* quicken *you*;] i. e. *animate*.

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, [*To* BAP.] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat![3] 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

[3] *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing.

My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?[4]
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men[5]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts[6] are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our

[4] —— *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *cunning men*—] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned,* as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *your* gifts —] *Gifts* for *endowments.*

nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.[7]

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,[8] it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole![9] He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

[7] —— *I will* wish *him to her father.*] i. e. I will *recommend* him.

[8] —— *upon* advice,] i. e. on consideration, or reflection.

[9] *Happy man be his* dole!] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[1] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[2]

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly[3] on the maid,

any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *is not* rated —] Is not driven out by chiding.

[2] *Redime*, &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it might not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *longly* —] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[4] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?

[4] —— *daughter of Agenor* —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull.

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;[5] content thee; for I have it full.[6]
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[7] and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondella comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

[5] *Basta;*] i. e. *'tis enough;* Italian and Spanish.
[6] —— *I have it full.*] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it.
[7] —— *port,*] *Port* is figure, show, appearance.

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?
Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!
Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,—
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest
daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—
I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me
why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.[a]
[*Exeunt.*

[a] —— *good and weighty.*] The division for the second Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first Act to conclude here, where

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;[9]
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

the speeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[9] —— wring *it;*] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.
Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.[1]—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?[2]
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

[1] —— *what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. STEEVENS.

[2] —— knock me *soundly?*] Shakspeare seems to design a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraseology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello:*
" I pray *talk me* of Cassio."

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[3]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)[4]
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[5]
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd

[3] *Where small experience grows. But, in a* few,] *In a few,* means the same as *in short, in few* words. JOHNSON.

[4] *(As wealth is* burthen *of my wooing* dance,)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing song* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

[5] *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,*] The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book *De Confessione Amantis. Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[6] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd,[7] and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;

[6] —— *aglet-baby;*] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point. An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace.

[7] —— *shrewd,*] Here means, having the qualities of a *shrew.* The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent.*

And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[8] I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him[9] but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:[1] You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;[2]
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst!

[8] —— *an he begin once, he'll rail in his* rope-tricks.] *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak.

[9] —— stand *him*—] i. e. withstand, resist him.

[1] —— *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:*] It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[2] *Therefore this* order *hath Baptista* ta'en;] To *take order* is to *take measures.*

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in musick,[3] to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;[4]
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
Bs firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

[3] *Well seen in musick,*] *Seen* is versed, practised.
[4] —— *at any hand;*] i. e. at all events.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah.
Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!
Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[5]
Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*
Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

[5] —— *with* bugs.] i. e. with *bug-bears.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Aside to* TRANIO.] he you mean?
Tra. Even he. Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,[6]
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

[6] *Please ye we may* contrive *this afternoon,*] *Contrive* does not signify here to *project*, but to *spend* and *wear out*; probably from *contero*.

And do as adversaries do in law,[7]—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.[8]

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in Baptista's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,

[7] —— *as* adversaries *do in* law,] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but *barristers*, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their *clients* seldom "eat and drink with their adversaries as friends." MALONE.

[8] —— Fellows, *let's begone.*] *Fellows* means *fellow-servants.* Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE.

I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding[9] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[1]

[9] —— *hilding*—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

[1] *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEEVENS.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician*; *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare![2] you are marvellous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.——
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

[2] *Baccare!*] A proverbial word, meaning *stand back*, or *give place.*

Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:[3]
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well; you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

[3] —— *this small packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where too raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,[4]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack;[5] with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

[4] —— *her* frets,] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

[5] *And*—twangling Jack;] To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.[6]
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be? should buz.
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

[6] *A joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:
"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool."
See Ray's *Collection.*

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[7]
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis not with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

[7] —— *a* craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. *Craven* was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was they were for ever after deemed infamous.

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other houshold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How speed you with

My daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me, daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us 'twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast,[8] protesting oath on oath,

[8] *She* vied *so fast,*] *Vye* and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag.*

That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,[9]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch[1] can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gra. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINE, *severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

[9] —— *'tis a world to see,*] i. e. it is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers.

[1] *A* meacock *wretch* —] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[2]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turky cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers.
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.
Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son:

[2] —— *counterpoints,*] These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes;* but either mode of spelling is proper. *Counterpoint* is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which, notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:——
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[3]
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.[4]

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:

[3] —— *two* galliasses,] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*.

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester,[5] your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[6]
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's *House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

[5] *Sirrah, young* gamester,] *Gamester*, in the present instance, has no reference to gaming, and only signifies—a wag, a frolicksome character.

[6] *Yet I have faced it with a* card of ten.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors.

The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[7] in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—HORTENSIO *retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat,* as I told you before,—*Simois,* I am Lucentio,—*hic est,* son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus,* disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat,* and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami,* is my man Tranio,—*regia,* bearing my port,—*celsa senis,* that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[8]

[7] —— *no* breeching *scholar*—] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction.

[8] —— *pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear;— [HORTENSIO *plays.*

O fye! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,[9] I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To* LUCENTIO.] and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir; well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,[1]
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;

[9] *Pedascule,*] *Pedascule*, from *pedant*.
[1] —— but *I be deceiv'd,*] *But*, i. e. *unless*.

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;[2]
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

[2] ——*full of* spleen;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:[3] His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,[4] full of wind-

[3] —— two broken points:] i. e. two broken tags to the laces.

[4] —— *infected with the* fashions,——*past cure of the* fives,] *Fashions.* So called in the West of England, but by the best

galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before,[5] and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[6] which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock[7] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:[8] a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*. *Fives*. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

[5] —— ne'er *legged before*,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet.

[6] —— *crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr.

[7] —— *stock*—] i. e. stocking.

[8] —— *an old hat, and* The humour of forty fancies *pricked in't for a feather:*] This was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. WARBURTON.

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;[9]

[9] —— *to digress;*] To deviate from my promise.

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exit.*
Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*
Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,[1]
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips[2] with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,

[1] —— *Quaff'd off the* muscadel,] The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom, and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age.

[2] *And* kiss'd *her lips* —] This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubrick: "Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69.

That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:——
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My houshold-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, *and* GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruchio's *Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?[3] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

[3] —— *man so* rayed?] i. e. *bewrayed,* made dirty.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain of thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*[4] and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[5] the carpets laid,[6] and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

[4] —— *Jack boy! ho boy!*] Is the beginning of an old round in three parts.

[5] —— *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dressed? Probably the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*.

[6] —— *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled;[7] how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;[8] how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.[9]

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk

[7] —— *bemoiled;*] i. e. be-draggled; bemired.

[8] —— *was* burst;] i. e. broken.

[9] —— *he is more* shrew *than she.*] The term *shrew* was anciently applicable to either sex.

I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed,[1] and their garters of an indifferent knit:[2] let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nath. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and there-

[1] —— *their* blue coats brushed,] The dress of servants at the time.

[2] —— *garters of an* indifferent *knit:*] Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit," the author meant *parti-colour'd* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*.

fore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[3]
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
Where is the life that late I led—[4] [Sings.
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud![5]

[3] —— *no* link *to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch.

[4] *Where,* &c.] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, *A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions,* London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*

[5] *Soud, soud,* &c.] This, I believe, is a word coined by our

Re-enter Servants, *with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,[6] [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
[*A bason is presented to him*
Come, Kate, and wash,[7] and welcome heartily:—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*

poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

[6] *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[7] *Come, Kate, and* wash,] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEVENS.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.[8]
Another way I have to man my haggard,[9]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate,[1] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—

[8] ——*full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown.

[9] —— *to* man *my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild-hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her.

[1] *That* bate,] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey.

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[a]
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*

[a] —— *amid this hurly, I* intend,] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:[3]
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

[3] —— *cullion:*] A term of degradation, with no very decided meaning: a despicable fellow, a fool, &c.

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel[4] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè,[5] or a pedant,

[4] *An ancient* angel—] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*, or a *gull*, but *angel* may mean *messenger*.

[5] *Master, a* mercatantè,] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. STEEVENS.

I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance[6] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.[7]
[*Exeunt.*

[6] *To pass* assurance—] *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him.

[7] *Go with me,* &c.] There is an old comedy called *Supposes,* translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology,) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There, likewise, he found the names of Petruchio and Licio.

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no; forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?[8]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:[9]——
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

[8] —— *What, sweeting, all* amort?] This gallicism is common to many of the old plays. That is, all sunk and dispirited.
[9] *And all my pains is* sorted *to no proof:*] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.[1]

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;[2]

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

[1] —— *with his* ruffling *treasure.*] i. e. rustling.

[2] *Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;*] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[3] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash.
Like to a censer[4] in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

[3] *A* custard-*coffin,*] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

[4] —— *censer* —] We learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,[5]
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete[6] thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things.[7]
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;[8] brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.

[5] ——— *thou* thread,
Thou thimble,] The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *be*-mete —] i. e. be-measure thee.

[7] —— faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c.

[8] —— braved *many men;*] i. e. made many men *fine. Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress.

I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape*;[9]

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve*;——

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shoud'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard,[1] and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

[9] —— *a small* compassed cape;] A *compassed cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is *to come round.* JOHNSON.

[1] —— *thy* mete-*yard,*] i. e. thy measuring yard.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,[2]
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.

[2] —— but *I be deceived,*] *But,* i. e. *unless.*

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,[4]
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,

[4] *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is scrupulous.

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,[5]
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied;[6] and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkning still;
And, happily,[7] we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, *and* BAPTISTA.

[5] *And* pass *my daughter a sufficient dower,*] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. "and thereby to *pass* and convey" the premises to the grantee.

[6] *We be* affied;] i. e. betrothed.

[7] *And,* happily,] *Happily,* in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally,* as well as *fortunately.*

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[8] of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm*:[9] to the church;[1]—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so

[8] —— *or* moral —] i. e. the secret purpose.

[9] —— *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm*:] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. REED.

[1] —— *to the church*;] i. e. go to the church, &c.

adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A publick Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?— [*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green:[2]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

[2] *That every thing I look on seemeth green:*] Shakspeare's observations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here?

mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant *below*; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![3] —O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by

[3] —— *a copatain hat!*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched[4] in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

[4] —— *coney-catched*—] i. e. deceived, cheated.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant *run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.[5]

Gre. Here's packing,[6] with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To* LUCENTIO.]

[5] *While counterfeit* supposes *blear'd thine eyne.*] *To blear the eye,* was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive.*

[6] *Here's* packing,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.
Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird,[1] good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assu-rance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content:——What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!

[1] —— *that* gird,] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*.

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish to:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.
Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions,[2] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs,[3] for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

[2] —— *our soft* conditions,] The gentle qualities of our minds.
[3] *Then vail your stomachs,*] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:——
We three are married, but you two are sped.[4]
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[5]
[*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

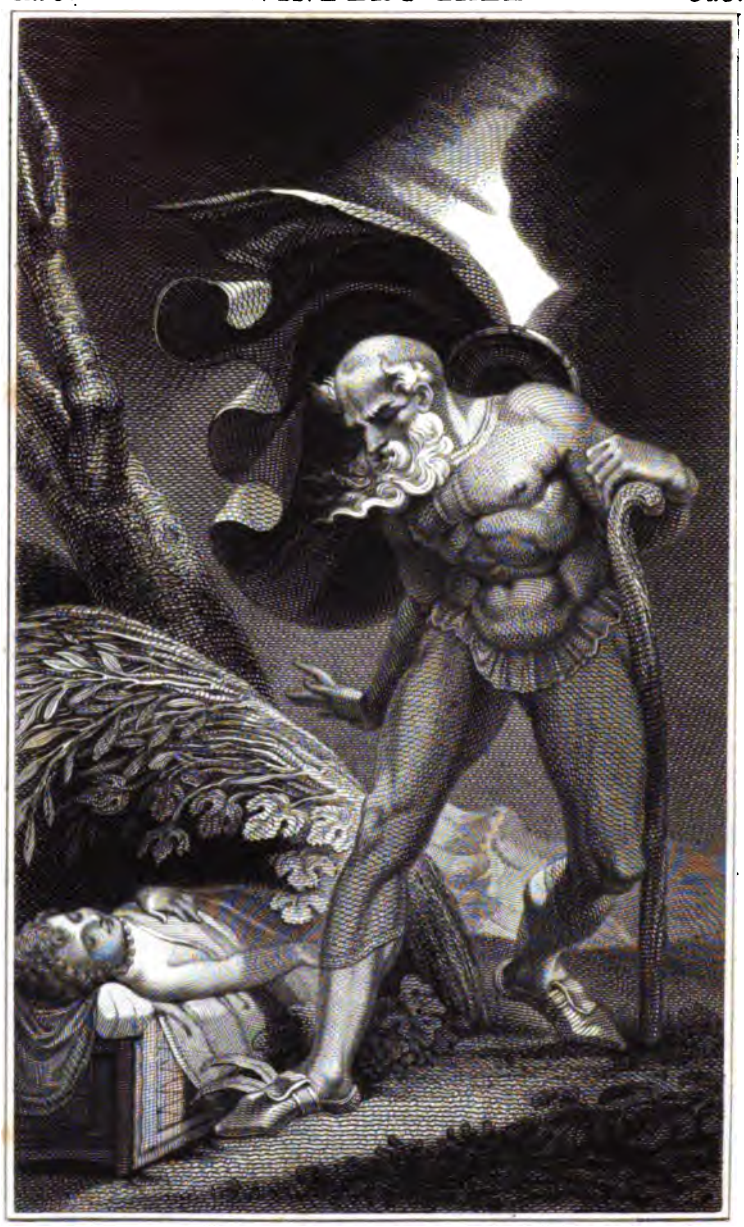
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*[6]

[4] —— *you two* are sped.] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

[5] —— *though you hit the* white;] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*.

[6] Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.



H. Fuseli del. J. Neagle Sc.

Old Shepherd. *What have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very prettie barne!*

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WINTER'S TALE.*

* WINTER'S TALE.] This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*" STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia,* written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia, whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called	Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	Pandosto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	Dorastus.
Camillo	Franion.
Old Shepherd	Porrus.
Hermione,	Bellaria.
Perdita	Faunia.
Mopsa	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Grenada:* "Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Lost, Measure for Measure,* which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us: "I should conjecture (says he,) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost,* THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors,* and *Titus Andronicus,* that only some cha-

racters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand.

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived?—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, *nor a nest of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget TALES, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond, of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words, therefore, are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604.

MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia:* but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it which was printed in 1588.—Cor-

vantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;" and my Lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was embassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the sea?*"——There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth,) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

"———— for honour,
"'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
"And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the King:

"———— 'Tis yours;
"And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
"So like you, 'tis the worse."

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia:*
Mamillius, *his Son.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian Lord.
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his Son.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, a *Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopsa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, *sometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves:[1] for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

[1] —— *our entertainment*, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied,[2] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.[3] The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,[4] makes old hearts fresh: they,

[2] —— *royally attornied,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*shook hands, as over a* vast; *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.*] Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.

[4] —— physicks *the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds[5] at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly![6] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

[5] ——— That may *blow*
No sneaping winds —] i. e. *Oh!* that. *Sneaping*, nipping winds.

[6] *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears.*

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-saying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction[7]
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your real presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

[7] —— *this satisfaction* —] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest[8]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed,[9] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock[1] behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

[8] —— *behind the* gest —] *Gest* signifies a stage, or journey. In the time of *royal progresses* the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests;* from the old French word *giste, diversorium.*

[9] —— *yet,* good-deed,] signifies, *indeed, in very deed.*

[1] —— *a* jar *o' the clock* —] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock: what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[2]
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot![3]
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.

[2] —— *the imposition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *original sin;* bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven. WARBURTON.
[3] *Grace to boot!*] *Grace,* or Heaven *help* me!

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love;[4] then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*

[4] *And* clap *thyself my love;*] She opened her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands.

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o 'the deer;[5] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?[6]
Why, that's my bawcock.[7] What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling[8]
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[9]

[5] *The* mort *o' the deer;*] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.

[6] *I'fecks?*] A supposed corruption of—*in faith*. Our present vulgar pronounce it—*fegs*.

[7] *Why, that's my* bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*.

[8] —— *Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. A *virginal* is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

[9] *Thou want'st a rough* pash, *and the* shoots *that I have,*] I

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-died blacks,[1] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn[2] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[3] Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop![4]—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the center:[5]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[6]
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The meaning, therefore, I suppose, is this: *You tell me,* (says Leontes to his son,) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wantest the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to resemble your father.* MALONE.

[1] *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

[2] *No* bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary.

[3] ——*welkin eye:*] Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin,* or sky.

[4] ——*my* collop!] So, in *The First Part of King Henry VI:*
"God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh."

[5] *Affection! thy intention stabs the center:*] *Affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately "the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea."

[6] ——*credent,*] i. e. credible.

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[7] this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[8]
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![9]—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;

[7] *This* squash,] A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it.

[8] *Will you take eggs for money?*] The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my Lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

[9] —— *happy man be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. The alms immemorially given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See *The History of Lambeth Palace*, p. 31, in *Bibl. Top. Brit.* NICHOLS.

And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[1] to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there:
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aside. Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neb,[2] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband![3] Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.[4]
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,

[1] *Apparent*—] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.
[2] —— *the neb,*] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*.
[3] *To her* allowing *husband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. MALONE.
[4] —— *a* fork'd *one.*] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*.

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.[5]

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.[6]

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

[5] —— *it still came home.*] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.*

[6] ———— *made*
His business more material.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,[7]
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust[8] it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,[9]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

[7] ——*whispering,* rounding,] *To round in the ear* is to *whisper,* or *to tell secretly.*

[8] ——*gust it*—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*lower messes,*] *lower messes* is perhaps used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind,[1] restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,[2] 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass

[1] —— hoxes *honesty behind,*] To *hox* is to ham-string. The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-string.
[2] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Against the non-performance,] This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done.* JOHNSON.

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[3] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing?
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

[3] ——*the* pin *and* web,] Disorders in the eye.

Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,[4] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——
Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot![5]
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully

[4] —— *like* her *medal,*] i. e. her portrait.
[5] *Make't thy* question, *and go rot!* &c.] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the Queen's chastity.

The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[6]

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholsome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example

[6] *Could man so* blench?] To *blench* is to start off, to shrink.

Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?——
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i'the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[7]—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.[8]

[7] *In whose* success *we are* gentle,] *Success* here means *succession*. *Gentle* is evidently opposed to *simple;* alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry.

[8] *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice[9] you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That ere was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,[1] and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put

[9] *To* vice —] i. e. to draw, persuade you; probably for *advise*.
[1] ——— *whose foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*.

My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my good lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,——
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?[2]—
Alack, for lesser knowledge![3]—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup

[2] *In my just* censure? *in my true opinion?*] *Censure,* in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment, opinion.
[3] *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.*

A spider steep'd,[4] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:[5]—I have drank, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[6] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,

[4] *A spider steep'd,*] Spiders were esteemed venomous.

[5] —— hefts:] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up.

[6] *He has discover'd my design, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;] The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH.

And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear[7]
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary[8] with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,

[7] —— *will* sear —] i. e. will stigmatize or brand as infamous.
[8] *A* federary —] i. e. confederate.

But with her most vile principal,[9] that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.[1]
Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!
Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

[9] But *with her most vile principal,*] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But,* which is here used for *only,* renders this passage somewhat obscure.

[1] *He, who shall speak for her, is afar* off *guilty,*
But that he speaks.] *Far* off *guilty,* signifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* But that he speaks—means, *in merely speaking.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.——My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife;[a] I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

[a] —— *I'll keep my stables where*
I lodge my wife;] If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs.

Leon. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,[3]
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him:[4] Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.[5]
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten

[3] —— *putter-on,*] i. e. one who instigates.

[4] —— *land*-damn *him:*] Mr. Steevens, after giving various opinions on this expression, says, After all these aukward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely read—

"I'd *laudanum* him,—"

i. e. poison him with *laudanum.*

[5] —— *I see't and feel't,*
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm;* Dr. Johnson—*striking his brows.* Mr. Henley thinks that *Leontes, perhaps, touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a* SNAIL'S HORNS; *for these,* or imaginary horns of his own like them, *are the instruments that feel,* to which he alluded.

Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,[6]
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:[7] Now, from the oracle

[6] —— *nought for approbation,*] *Approbation* is put for *proof*.
[7] —— *stuff'd sufficiency:*] i. e. of abilities more than enough.

They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary

I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!——Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attend.
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn:——
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king![8] beshrew
them!

[8] *These dangerous unsafe* lunes *o' the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune,* folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tete.* Richelet." THEOBALD.

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to

The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Keep. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.——Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord?
[*Advancing.*
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see,
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:[9]—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How?——

[9] —— *Leave me solely:*] That is, leave me alone.

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,[1]
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.[2]
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*

[1] —— *in* comforting *your evils,*] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action.

[2] —— *the worst about you.*] Were I the weakest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser.

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![3] Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd,[4] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[5]
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness[6]
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

[3] *A* mankind *witch!*] i. e. masculine.

[4] —— *thou art woman-tir'd,*] *Woman-tir'd,* is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked.*

[5] —— *thy crone.*] i. e. thy old-worn out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman.

[6] *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness—] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard;* Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false,* uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't;[7] lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,[8] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

[7] *No yellow in't;*] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.
[8] *And,* lozel,] A term of contempt, meaning worthless, dishonest.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,[9]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail

[9] —— *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword.

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,[1]
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the Child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,

[1] —— commend *it* strangely *to some place,*] *Commit* it to some place, *as a stranger,* without more provision.

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.[2]
Cleo. Great Apollo,

[2] *The* time *is worth the* use *on't.*] *The time is worth the use on't,* means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it.

Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.——Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.[3]——
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded*; PAULINA *and* Ladies, *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned*

[3] Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*] The word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*.

of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence*[4] *whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood,[5] shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it[6]

[4] —— *pretence*—] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*.

[5] —— *mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *For life, I prize it*—] *Life* is now to me only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me: I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily,[2] is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[3] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see

[2] *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet.

[3] —— strength *of* limit.] *Strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber.

The flatness of my misery;[4] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] Hermione *is chaste*, Polixenes *blameless*, Camillo *a true subject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

[4] *The* flatness *of my misery;*] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

Of the queen's speed,[5] is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there?
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and* Ladies, *with* HERM.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,[6]
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters

[5] *Of the queen's* speed,] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.
[6] —— commended,] i. e. committed.

Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker![7]

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,[8]
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil

[7] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

[8] *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the King with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this.

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :[8]
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

[8] ——————— *though a devil*
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action.

Paul. I am sorry for't;[9]
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *I am sorry for't;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child*; *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then,[1] our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,

[1] *Thou art* perfect *then,*] *Perfect* is often used for *certain, well assured,* or *well informed,* by almost all our ancient writers.

So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina *more:*—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[2] there these;
[*Laying down a Bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.——The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,

[2] ——*thy* character:] thy description; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—— Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,[3] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing

[3] —— *A boy, or* a child,] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry,—*a child.* STEEVENS.

to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:[4]—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st

[4] —— flap-dragoned *it*:] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient topers swallowed *flap-dragons*.

with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[5] for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:[6]—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man;[7] if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.[8] We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[9] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

[5] —— *a bearing-cloth*—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

[6] —— *some changeling:*] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

[7] *You're a* made *old man;*] i. e. your fortune's made.

[8] —— *the* next *way.*] i. e. the nearest way.

[9] —— *never* curst,] *Curst,* signifies *mischievous.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap;[1] since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel

[1] —— *and leave the* growth *untried*
Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap,* is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth,* or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried,* is, *to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time:[2] Of this allow,[3]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years,[4] since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none,

[2] *Is the argument of time:*] *Argument* is the same with *subject.*

[3] —— *Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve.*

[4] *It is* fifteen *years,*] We should read—*sixteen,* according to several preceding passages.

without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.[5] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly,[6] noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

[5] —— *and my profit therein, the* heaping friendships.] *Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*. MALONE.

[6] —— missingly,] *Missingly*, i. e. at *intervals*, not constantly.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[7] with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,[8]——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[9]

[7] —— *some* question—] i. e. some talk.

[8] *When daffodils begin to peer,——*
And
Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] "Two *nonsensical* songs, by the rogue Autolycus," says Dr. Burney: who subsequently observes, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux." I believe, that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pickpockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* ballads. STEEVENS.

[9] *For the red blood* reigns *in the* winter's *pale.*] The meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*. FARMER.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth[1] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[2]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[3] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab,[4] I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat:[5] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

[1] —— *pugging tooth*—] perhaps *progging*, i. e. thievish.
[2] —— *my aunts,*] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*.
[3] —— *wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet.
[4] —— *With die, and drab,*] i. e. with gaming and whoring.
[5] —— *the* silly *cheat:*] Cant term for picking pockets.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;[6] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar*; *five pound of currants*; *rice*——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,[7] and very good ones; but they are most of them means[8] and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies;[9] *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; *a race*, *or two*, *of ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, *and as many of raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends

[6] —— *tods;*] "Every eleven wether *tods;* i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool: every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

[7] —— *three-man song-men all,*] i. e. singers of catches in three parts.

[8] —— means—] *Means* are tenors.

[9] —— warden *pies;*] *Wardens* are a species of large pears.

me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

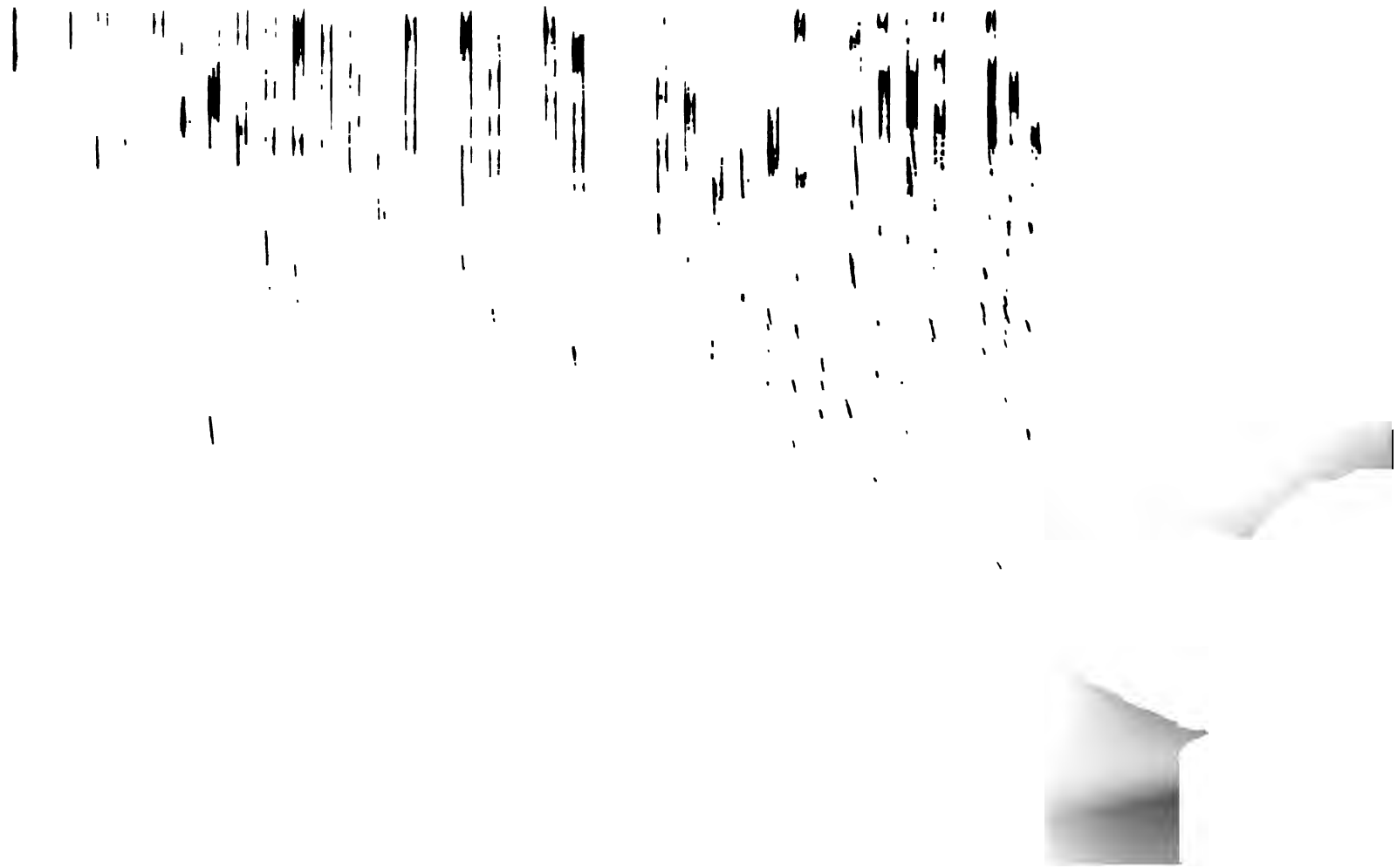
Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[1] I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for

[1] —— *with* trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame*, French. The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*.



shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:[4]
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[5] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark[6] o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up:[7] But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

[4] —— hent *the stile-a:*] To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it.

[5] —— *your* extremes,] That is, the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself "in a swain's wearing," while he "pranked her up most goddess-like."

[6] *The gracious* mark—] The *object* of all men's *notice*.

[7] —— prank'd *up:*] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference[8] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up?[9] What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,

[8] *To me, the* difference —] i. e. between his rank and hers.

[9] —— *his work, so noble,*
Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and Others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.

Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. Welcome, sir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have[1] heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry

[1] For *I have* —] *For*, in this place, signifies—*because that*.

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble[2] in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,

[2] —— *dibble* —] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants.

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,[3]
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,[4]
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

[3] ——— *violets, dim,*
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was *the goddess of blue eyes.* Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image, but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense for *delightful.* JOHNSON.

[4] —— *Each your doing,* &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act.

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand[5] upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Musick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[6] but I have it

[5] —— *we stand,* &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour.
[6] —— *a worthy* feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture,*

Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth:[7] He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings:*[8] *jump her and thump her*; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into

and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

[7] *He looks like* sooth:] Sooth is truth. Obsolete.

[8] —— *fadings:*] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court.*

the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[9]

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[1] cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.[2]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;

[9] —— *unbraided wares?*] By *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers.

[1] —— *caddisses,*] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name, now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also. MALONE.

[2] —— *the sleeve*-hand, *and the work about the* square *on't.*] Perhaps the sleeves and bosom part of a shift.

Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[3] to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,[4] and not a word more.

[3] —— kiln-*hole,*] *Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole,* or *stoking-hole,* is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses.

[4] —— Clamour *your tongues,*] Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols,) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. MALONE.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,[5] and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

[5] —— *you promised me a* tawdry lace,] *Tawdries* were a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[2]

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with Twelve Rusticks, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.[3]—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran sack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited[4]
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,

[2] —— *by the* squire.] i. e. by the foot-rule. *Esquierre*, Fr.

[3] Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

[4] —— *straited* —] i. e. put to difficulties.

But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted[5] by the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——
And, friends unknown you shall bear witness to't:

[5] —— *or the fann'd snow,*
That's bolted, *&c.*] The fine sieve used by millers to separate flower from bran is called a *bolting* cloth.

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;——
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[6]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

[6] —— *dispute his own estate?*] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute:* but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs.* JOHNSON.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;——
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off;—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard:[7] for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three.
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

[7] *I was not much afeard:* &c.] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the King's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[8] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;

[8] —— *and by my* fancy:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.——[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,[9]
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do;[1] so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,

[9] *Your* discontenting *father strive to qualify,*] *Discontenting* is in our author's language the same as *discontented.*

[1] *But as the* unthought-on accident *is* guilty
To *what we wildly do;*] *Guilty to,* though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare; and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. MALONE.

But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall he habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[2]
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not

[2] *But not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of.*

a riband, glass, pomander,[3] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?——
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.

[3] —— pomander,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.[4]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.[5]

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

[4] —— *boot.*] That is, *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot.*

[5] —— *is half* flayed *already.*] i. e. half *stripped* already.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?[6]
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*
Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
[*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.
Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father,

[6] —— *what have we twain forgot?*] This is one of our author's dramatic expedients to introduce a conversation apart, account for a sudden exit, &c. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Dr. Caius suddenly exclaims—"*Q'ay j'oublié?*—and Mrs. Quickly —" Out upon't! *what have I forgot?*" STEEVENS.

with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[7] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[8]

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[9]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze[1] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

[7] —— *of what* having,] i. e. estate, property.

[8] —— *therefore they do not* give *us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *sell* it us.

[9] —— *with the manner.*] In the fact.

[1] —— *insinuate,* or toze —] To *insinuate,* and to *tease,* or *toaze,* are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make

heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[2] shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,[3] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside

[2] —— *the hottest day* prognostication *proclaims,*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.*

[3] —— *being something gently considered,*] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me,* i. e. a bribe, *will bring you,* &c.

of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me,

rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have per form'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,[4]
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

[4] *Or, from the all that are, took something good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,——
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me[5]
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift[6] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

[5] —— incense *me* —] i. e. instigate me, set me on.
[6] *Shou'd* rift —] i. e. split.

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[1]
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

[1] *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet.*

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,)[8] *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,

[8] *Is colder than that* theme,)] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.——

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[9]
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,

[9] —— *that a king,* at *friend,*] *At friend,* perhaps means, *at friendship.*

(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[1] Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

[1] —— *in* question.] i. e. conversation.

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.[2]
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time[3]
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.

[2] *The odds for* high and low's *alike.*] A quibble upon the false dice so called.

[3] *Remember since you ow'd no more to time,* &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age.

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow:[4] but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

[4] —— *if the* importance *were joy, or sorrow:*] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported.*

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness,[5] which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with

[5] —— *the* affection *of nobleness,*] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*.

countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[6] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her;[7] now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

[6] ——*favour.*] i. e. countenance, features.
[7] —— *with* clipping *her;*] i. e. embracing her.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it,[1] I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that

[1] —— franklins *say it,*] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*.

thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,

Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a Curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!
Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought[2] you (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[3]

[2] —— *wrought* —] i. e. worked, agitated.

[3] *The* fixure *of her eye has* motion *in't,*] The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it.

As we are mock'd with art.[4]
Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,

[4] As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As*, is used by our author here as in some other places, for "as *if*." *With* has the force of *by*.

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.—
[*Musick.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:
[HERMIONE *comes down from the Pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.
Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all;[5] your exultation
Partake to every one.[6] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,

[5] *You precious* winners *all;*] You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

[6] —— *your exultation*
Partake *to every one.*] *Partake* here means *participate.*

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*[7]

[7] This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

H. Fuseli R.A. del. I. Milton sc.

Ant. S. *Plead you to me, fair Dame? I know you not.*

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COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

* Comedy of Errors.] Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted is as follows:

" Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
" The first his father lost, a little lad;
" The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
" That citizens there take him for the same:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
" Much pleasant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Decker's *Satiromastix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us:

" In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction."

Steevens.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. Blackstone.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line, or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects " this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of these " long hobbling verses" have the honour of proceeding from his pen: and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can

be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of style, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy, though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three Parts of *King Henry VI.* as I think a late editor *(O si sic omnia!)* has satisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvas-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays (except *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.)* were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as entitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure*," &c. of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, *Duke of* Ephesus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.
Antipholus *of* Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Antipholus *of* Syracuse, }
Dromio *of* Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on the two* Antipholus's.
Dromio *of* Syracuse, }
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
Luciana, *her Sister.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,[1]
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he (great care of goods at random left)

[1] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general superstition among the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he,) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, [*wrought by nature*,] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence*.] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection*. Ægeon came to Ephesus in search of his son, and tells his story, in order to show that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention.
M. MASON.

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,

Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,[2]
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,[3]
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

[2] *My* youngest boy, *and yet my eldest care,*] Shakspeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page 7, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of:

" My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,
" Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast."

He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast. M. Mason.

[3] *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Asia,*] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.*

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,[4]
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

[4] —— *wend,*] i. e. go. An obsolete word.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit* Dro. S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain,[5] sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

[5] *A trusty* villain,] i. e. servant.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.[6]
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

[6] —— *I shall be* post *indeed;*
For she will score your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning, concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader.

And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,[7]
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[7] —— *that merry* sconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is head.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* DRO. E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[8] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;[9]
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:[1]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

[8] —— *o'er-raught*—] That is, *over-reached.*

[9] *They say, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἔφεσια γράμματα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and Ἔφεσια γράμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

[1] —— *liberties of sin:*] By *liberties of sin*, Shakspeare perhaps means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity.

A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.[2]

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?[3]

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

[2] Adr. *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*
Luc. *Why, headstrong liberty is* lash'd *with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound? Or perhaps the meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. Mr. M. Mason inclines to *leashed*.

[3] —— *start some other* where?] I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?*

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;[4]
They can be meek, that have no other cause.[5]
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience[6] would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd[7] patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.[8]

[4] —— *though she pause;*] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.

[5] *They can be meek, that have* no other cause.] That is, who have *no cause to be otherwise.*

[6] *With urging* helpless *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help.*

[7] —— *fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience,* that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity,* that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool,* and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune.

[8] —— *that I could scarce* understand *them.*] i. e. that I could scarce *stand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold,* quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;
I know not thy mistress; *out on thy mistress!*
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,[9]

[9] *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.[1]
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it;
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures:[2] My decayed fair[3]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.[4]

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,

the word *round*, which signifies *spherical*, applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free* in *speech* or *action* spoken of his mistress.

[1] —— *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather.

[2] *Of my* defeatures:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification.

[3] —— *My decayed fair* —] *Fair* for *fairness*.

[4] —— *poor I am but his stale.*] i. e. his *pretence*.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.[3]
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

[3] *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*
Will lose his beauty; and though *gold 'bides still,*
That others touch, yet *often touching will*
Wear *gold; and so no man, that hath a name,*
But *falshood and corruption doth it shame.*] The sense is this: "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption." WARBURTON.

My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.[6]
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,[7]
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use

[6] *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons.*

[7] —— *know my aspéct,*] i. e. study my countenance.

these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too;[8] or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

[8] —— *and* insconce *it too;*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and re covery?[9]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.[1]

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he

[9] —— *by fine and recovery?*] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *falsing.*] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us[2] yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall[3]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,

[2] —— wafts *us* —] i. e. beckons us.
[3] —— *may'st thou* fall —] To *fall* is here a verb active.

Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compáct?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[4]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;[5]
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

[4] —— *you are from me* exempt,] Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated, parted;* yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. Mason.

[5] —— idle *moss;*] That is, moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you[6] of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

[6] *And shrive you*—] That is, I will *call you to confession*, and make you tell your tricks.

I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,[7]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

[7] —— *carkanet,*] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.[2]

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

[2] —— *we shall part with neither.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, that, in our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. But *part* does not signify to *share* or divide, but to *depart* or *go away;* and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either.

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[3]—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.[4]
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

[3] *Once this,*] *Once this,* may mean, *once for all, at once.*

[4] —— *the doors are* made *against you.*] To *make* the door is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.*

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth,[5] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

[5] *And, in despight of* mirth,] Though mirth has withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despight of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry.

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[6] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,[7]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

[6] *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity.*

[7] —— *vain,*] Is *light of tongue, not veracious.* JOHNSON.

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid,[8] with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[9] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

[8] ——*sweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *syren*.

[9] *Not mad, but* mated;] I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife:* and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. Mason.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[1]

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luc.

Enter, from the House of Antipholus *of* Ephesus, Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but

[1] *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. Johnson.

that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart,[2] like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

[2] *Swart,*] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her;[3] told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

[3] —— assured *to her*;] i. e. affianced to her.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:[4]
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

[4] —— *at the Porcupine:*] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. STEEVENS.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders[5] for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me[6] by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

[5] —— *want* gilders—] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings.

[6] *Is* growing *to me*—] i. e. accruing to me.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why thou peevish sheep,[7]
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

[7] —— *thou* peevish *sheep,*] *Peevish* is *silly*.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[8]
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

[8] —— *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,[9]
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[1] worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;[2]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.

[9] —— *sere,*] That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.
[1] *Stigmatical in making,*] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.
[2] *Far from her nest the* lapwing, *&c.*] This expression seems to be proverbial—I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. STEEVENS.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[7]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;[8]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] —— *was he arrested on a* band?] A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a neckcloth. On this circumstance the humour of the passage turns.

[8] —— *conceit*;] i. e. fanciful conception.

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?[9]

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

[9] —— *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?*] The allusion is to Adam, in his state of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparelled: and, in like manner, the Sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it. These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.[1]

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

[1] —— *he that sets up his* rest *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-*pike.*] The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. JOHNSON.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the Morris-Pike was used in the Morris-dance. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *History of the English Army*, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, " he that *trusts*"—*is confident in his expectation.* Thus, Bacon: " Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *set up their* REST upon the battle." Again, Clarendon: " they therefore resolved to *set up their* REST upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from the military exercise, as that was the only kind of *rest* which was ever *set up*. HENLEY.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.[8]

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.[9]

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

[8] —— *We'll mend our dinner* here.] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

[9] —— *if* you *do expect spoon-meat*, or *bespeak a long spoon.*] i. e. "If you do expect spoon-meat, *either stay away*, or bespeak a long spoon."

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.[4]

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

[4] —— *will* pay *them all.*] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He *pays* you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on." STEEVENS.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[5] I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

[5] —— *by my* long ears.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion[6] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

[6] —— *companion* —] A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

Dro. E. Perdy,[7] your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,[8] she did; the kitchen-vestal[9] scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good, to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

[7] *Perdy,*] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu.* Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it.

[8] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.*

[9] —— *kitchen-vestal* —] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.
[PINCH *and his Assistants bind* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.
Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet![1]

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and Assistants, with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[1] —— unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his Rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[2] from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *our* stuff —] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the Royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee:

Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him,[3] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.[4]
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S. *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

[3] —— *get within him,*] i. e. close with him, grapple with him.

[4] —— *take a house.*] i. e. go into a house. So, we say—a dog *takes the water.* STEEVENS.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy[5] of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

[5] —— *the* copy —] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)[6]
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:[7]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

[6] (Kinsman *to grim and comfortless despair;)*] *Kinsman* means *near relation*. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

[7] —— *a* formal *man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,[8]
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended*; ÆGEON *bare-headed*; *with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

[8] —— sorry *execution,*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making."
Sorry had anciently a stronger meaning than at present, and seems to have meant *sorrowful.*

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,[9]—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order[1] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,

[9] *At your* important *letters,*] For *importunate.*
[1] —— *to take* order —] i. e. to *take measures.*

And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[2] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:[3]
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,

[2] *Beaten the maids* a-row,] i. e. successively, one after another.

[3] *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjuror;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and *nicked* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. *They are shaven and notched on the head like fooles.*" MALONE.

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she, with harlots[4] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

[4] —— *with harlots* —] *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women.

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised[5] what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: He with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,

[5] —— *I am advised* —] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration.

A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—

You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word,
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed[5] hand,

[5] —— *deformed* —] For *deforming*.

Have written strange defeatures[6] in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, times extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[7]
Though now this grained face[8] of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

[6] —— *strange defeatures* —] *Defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says Ægeon, hath placed *new and strange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. RITSON.

[7] —— *my feeble key of untun'd cares?*] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

[8] —— *this* grained *face*—] i. e. furrowed, like the *grain of wood*.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, *and* DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:[9]
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

[9] *Why, here begins his* morning *story right:*] "The *morning* story" is what Ægeon tells the duke in the first scene of this play.

the Shrew, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." MALONE.

H. Fuseli R.A. Del.t C. Warren Sc.t

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

L.M. One; Two; why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky!

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MACBETH.*

*MACBETH.] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of the military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe *(Supplement to the Introduction to Don Quixote)* that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's *Extracts*, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χώρας ἀνθρώπων παλλὰς βαρβάρων ἀνεῖλεν*, *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the empress Placida, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter.

Δειπνύτω δὴ ἴστι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πτερούντας ἵππους διὰ τοὺς μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πᾶσαν γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London; and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity cooperated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every

such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland:
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *his Sons.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, Menteth, Angus, Cathness, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* English *Forces:*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, *and several other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the End of the fourth Act, lies in England; *through the rest of the Play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *Castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:
3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![1]
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:[2]
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches *vanish.*

[1] —— *Graymalkin!*] To understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad, which in the north is called *paddock.*

[2] *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] I believe the meaning is, that *to us,* perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,[3]
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;[4]
And fortune, on his damned quarrel[5] smiling,

[3] —— to *that*, &c.] i. e. *in addition* to that.

[4] Of *Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;*] *Kernes and Gallowglasses* are light and heavy armed foot, "Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos *Kernos* vocant, nec non secures & loricæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos *Galloglassios* appellant." *Waræi Antiq. Hiber.* cap. vi.

[5] *And fortune, on his damned* quarrel —] *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the Prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. JOHNSON.

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion[6]
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,

[6] *As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion*—] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion.*

I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,[7]
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,[8]
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now

[7] —— flout *the sky,*] The banners may be poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky. The sense of the passage, however, collectively taken, is this: *Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.*

[8] *Till that Bellona's* bridegroom, *lapp'd* in proof,] This passage may be added to the many others, which show how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. *Lapt in proof,* is, defended by armour of proof.

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,[9]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch![1] the rump-fed ronyon[2] cries.

[9] —— *Saint* Colmes' inch,] *Colmes' inch,* now called *Inchcomb,* is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm,* or *The Isle of Columba.*

[1] Aroint *thee, witch!*] *Aroint,* or avaunt, be gone. POPE.

[2] —— *the* rump-fed *ronyon*—] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps,* &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch,* reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals. *Ronyon* means scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux.*

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'the shipman's card.[3]
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:[4]
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,[5]
Posters of the sea and land,

[3] —— *the shipman's card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age.

[4] *He shall live a man* forbid:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. To *bid* is originally *to pray*. As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

[5] *The* weird *sisters, hand in hand,*] These weird *sisters*, were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit.*

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skullda: per aëra et maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; et cædes in potestate habent. Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three;* and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. WARBURTON.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna, Rota, et Skullda*, but also, *Scogula, Hilda, Gondula*, and *Geiroscogula*. Bartholinus adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cupbearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms;* and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*.

STEEVENS.

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis![6]

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor![7]

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[8] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having,[1] and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal;[2] to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

[6] —— *thane of Glamis!*] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the Earl of Strathmore.

[7] —— *thane of* Cawdor!] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining.

[8] *Are ye* fantastical,] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

[1] *Of noble* having,] *Having* is estate, possession, fortune.

[2] *That he seems* rapt *withal;*] *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus.*

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death,[3] I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [Witches *vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,[4]
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

[3] *By Sinel's death,*] The father of Macbeth.
[4] ——*eaten of the insane* root,] The *insane* root is the root which makes insane, and which the commentators have not discovered.

Enter Rosse *and* Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,[5]
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[6]
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.
Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was

[5] *His wonders and his praises do contend,*
Which should be thine, or his: &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them public justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

[6] —— *As thick as* tale,] Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *post*.

Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,[7]
Might yet enkindle you[8] unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,[9]
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting[1]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

[7] —— *trusted home,*] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on, or perhaps we should read *thrusted home.*

[8] *Might yet* enkindle *you*—] *Enkindle,* for to stimulate you to seek.

[9] Two truths *are told,* &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction.

[1] *This supernatural* soliciting—] *Soliciting* for information.
WARBURTON.

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement,* than *information.*
JOHNSON.

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated[2] heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,[3] that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.[4]

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.[5]

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:[6]—my dull brain was wrought

[2] —— *seated* —] i. e. fixed, firmly placed.

[3] —— *single state of man,*] Dr. Johnson says, that the *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. But Mr. Steevens thinks that the *single* state of Macbeth may signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind.

[4] ——— *function*
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON.

[5] Time and the hour *runs through the roughest day.*] i. e. time and occasion will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.
Mrs. MONTAGUE.

[6] —— *favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon.

With things forgotten.[7] Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:[8]

[7] —— *my dull brain was* wrought
With things forgotten.] My head was *worked, agitated,* put into commotion.

[8] *To find the mind's construction in the face:*] Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place in

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.[9]—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon

the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is—*We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* MALONE.

[9] —— full *of growing.*] Is, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth.

Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,[1]
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland![2]—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] ——*hence to* Inverness,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at *Inverness*, are yet standing. STEEVENS.

[2] *The prince of* Cumberland!] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king,*[3] *who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*

[3] —— missives *from the king,*] i. e. messengers.

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid[4] doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.——What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,[5]
[*Exit* Attendant.

[4] —— *the* golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid —] The crown to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means something *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts."

[5] —— *The raven himself is hoarse*,] The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage:

Give him tending; the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himself* is spent, is *hoarse* by croaking this very message, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy (though equally secrets

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts,[6] unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;[7]
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee[8] in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife[9] see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*——Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor![1]

to the messenger and the raven) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. FUSELI.

[6] —— *mortal thoughts,*] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals,* but *murderous, deadly,* or *destructive designs.*

[7] —— *remorse;*] *Remorse,* in ancient language, signifies pity.

[8] *And* pall *thee* —] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall.*

To *pall,* however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) may simply mean—to *wrap,* to *invest.* STEEVENS.

[9] *That my keen* knife —] The word *knife,* which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword or dagger.*

[1] *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters;[2]—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:[3]
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

[2] *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*
May read, &c.] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion.

[3] *To* alter favour *ever is to* fear:] *Favour* is—look, countenance.

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat;[4] the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,[5] but this bird hath made

[4] *This castle hath a pleasant* seat;] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life. SIR J. REYNOLDS.

[5] —— *coigne of vantage,*] Convenient corner.

His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.[6]

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.[7]

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose

[6] *The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,*
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield *us* for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.] This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer:

Marks of respect, importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers or thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.—To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense—to *pray*. STEEVENS.

[7] *We rest your* hermits.] *Hermits*, for beadsmen.

To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever[8]
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,[9] *and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination[1]

[8] *Your servants ever,* &c.] The sense is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable, whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.*

[9] *Enter——a* Sewer,] A *sewer* was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Asseour,* French; from *asseoir,* to place.

[1] —— *If the assassination,* &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek,[a] hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only

would then be best *to do it quickly:* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* would secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. JOHNSON.

[a] *Hath borne his* faculties *so meek,*] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c.

Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

Enter Lady[3] MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,

[3] *Enter Lady* —] The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;[4]
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[5]

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail!

[4] —— *Would'st thou* have *that*
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And *live a coward in thine own esteem;*] *Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper,* "I dare not," *to controul your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?" STEEVENS.

[5] *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."

But screw your courage to the sticking place,[6]
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,[7]
That memory, the warder of the brain,[8]
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason[9]
A limbeck only:[1] When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[2]

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

[6] *But screw your courage to the* sticking-place,] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking-place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c.

[7] *Will I with wine and* wassel *so convince,* &c.] To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower,* or *subdue.* What was anciently called *was-haile,* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil;* he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile.* Afterwards it appears that *was-haile,* and *drinc-heil,* were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English; but *wassel* is sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *the* warder *of the brain*—] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel.

[9] —— *the* receipt *of reason*—] i. e. the receptacle.

[1] *A limbeck only:*] The *limbeck* is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain.

[2] —— *who shall bear the guilt*
Of our great quell?] *Quell* is *murder, manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which *murderers* is now used.

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*[3]

[3] 'Till this instant the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

" ——when once our grace we have forgot,
" Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—"

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.[4] *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a Servant with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,[5]
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose![6]—Give me my sword;—

[4] *Scene I.*] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *There's* husbandry *in heaven,*] *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.*

[6] —— *Merciful powers!* &c.] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:[7]
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up[8]
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.[9]

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,[1]

[7] *Sent forth great largess to your* offices:] *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *shut up* —] To *shut up*, is to conclude.

[9] *Being unprepar'd*, &c.] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to show the King our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*.

[1] *If you shall cleave to my* consent,—*when 'tis*,] *Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my

It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!
[*Exit* BANQUO.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,[2]
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

Mr. Malone thinks we should read *content*, and strengthens his opinion by various quotations.

[2] *And on thy blade, and* dudgeon, gouts of *blood,*] Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft*, or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it.

Nature seems dead,[3] and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design
Moves like a ghost.——Thou sure and firm-set
earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.[4]—Whiles I threat, he
lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.[5]
[*A bell rings.*

[3] —— *Now o'er the one half world*
Nature seems dead,] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico:*

" All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
" The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
" The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
" And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
" Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

[4] *And take the present horror from the time,*
Which now suits with it.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.[6]—My husband?

take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

[6] —— *Whiles I threat, he lives;*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme. Nor is this the only place in which Shakspeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i'the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen,* the other;
As they had seen me,[7] with these hangman's hands.

[6] —— *Had he not resembled*
My father as he slept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past,* which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

[7] As *they had seen me,*] i. e. *as if.*

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,[8]
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more![9]
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

[8] —— *the ravell'd* sleave *of care,*] *Sleave* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver.

[9] Glamis *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*] This triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind. Introduce the adjuncts of a modern nobleman in the same manner, and the fault of the passage will become yet more conspicuous: as for instance—

Norfolk *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Surrey
Shall sleep no more, Howard *shall sleep no more!*

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,[1]
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:

[1] *The* multitudinous *seas* incarnardine,] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. By multitudinous, the poet is supposed to mean seas of every denomination: or, the seas which swarm with inhabitants: or, perhaps alludes to the multitude of waves. The commentators are not agreed on this point.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.[4] [*Exit* MACDUFF.
Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.[5]
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

[4] *For 'tis my* limited *service.*] *Limited,* for appointed.

[5] He does:—*he did appoint it so.*] The words—*he does*—are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate falshood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the King's journey was effectually prevented by his death.

lasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:[3] and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!
Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.

[3] —— *till the second* cock:] Cockcrowing, i. e. as Mr. Malone thinks, till three o'clock.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;[6]

[6] ——— *Here lay Duncan,*
His silver *skin* lac'd *with his* golden *blood;*] It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimula-

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore:[7] Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure,[8] let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,

tion, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. Yet some of these metaphors are to be found in old plays. JOHNSON.

[7] *Unmannerly* breech'd *with gore:*] According to Mr. Steevens the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms; but Dr. Farmer says that the sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner,—sheath'd with blood*, and has given an example where *sheaths* are called *breeches*.

[8] *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
That suffer in exposure.] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-dress'd bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.[9]
Macb. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness.
And meet i'the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[1]
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;[2] and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,

[9] *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,*
Against the undivulg'd pretence *I fight*
Of treasonous malice.] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and, relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

[2] *This murderous shaft that's shot,*
Hath not yet lighted;] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect; or, the end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained.

But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse *and an old* Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[3]
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;[4]
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there; —adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewell.

[3] —— *they* pretend?] i. e. *intend*, or *design*.
[4] —— *Colmes-kill;*] Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place*.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King*; *Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen*; LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.—— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.]
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature[5]
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to[6] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd[7] my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,[8]
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![9]——Who's there?—

[5] —— royalty *of nature*—] *Royalty*, in the present instance, signifies *nobleness, supreme excellence.*

[6] —— *to*—] i. e. in addition to.

[7] *For Banquo's issue have I* fil'd—] i. e. defiled.

[8] —— *the common enemy of man,*] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy.

[9] —— *come, fate, into the list,*
And champion me to the utterance!] This passage will be best

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand;[1] how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,

explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* à l'outrance. A challenge, or a combat *à l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

[1] —— *pass'd in* probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; *&c.*] *Pass'd in probation* is, perhaps, only a bulky phrase, employed to signify—*proved.*—To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,[2]
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[3] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[4]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

[2] —— *Are you so gospell'd,*] Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of *protestantism.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Shoughs,*] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks,* demi-wolves, *lyciscæ;* dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

[4] —— *the* valued file—] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice. *The valued file* is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike. File,* in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it: *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,[5]
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends[6] that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't;[7] for't must be done to-night,

[5] —— *in such bloody* distance,] By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides.*

[6] For *certain friends*—] *For,* in the present instance, signifies *because of.*

[7] *Acquaint you with the* perfect spy o'the time,
The moment *on't;*] i. e. in ancient language, " acquaint

And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness:[8] And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

yourselves" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation.—*You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves*.

[8] ——*always thought,*
That I require a clearness:] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies[9] your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd[1] the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.[2] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence,[3] both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

[9] —— sorriest *fancies*—] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile.
[1] —— *scotch'd*—] i. e. cut slightly.
[2] *In restless* ecstacy.] *Ecstacy*, for madness, or agony.
[3] *Present him eminence,*] i. e. do him the highest honours.

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.[4]
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,[5] with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,[6]
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[4] —— *nature's copy's not* eterne.] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

[5] *The* shard-borne *beetle*,] The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings*.

[6] —— *Come*, seeling *night*,] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry.

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated[7] traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,[8]
Already are i'the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

[7] —— *lated* —] i. e. belated, benighted.
[8] —— *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *and Servant escape.*[8]
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?[9]
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

[8] Fleance, *&c. escape.*] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

[9] *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery; or, perhaps, to effect our purpose.

And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state;[1] but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

[1] *Our hostess keeps her state;* &c.] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table.

With twenty trenched gashes[2] on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,[3]
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *rises, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?

[2] —— trenched *gashes* —] *Trencher*, to cut. Fr.
[3] —— *the feast is* sold, *&c.*] The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for.

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[4]
He will again be well; If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become[5]
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

[4] —— *upon a* thought —] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted.

[5] —— *O, these flaws, and starts,*
(Impostors to true fear,) *would well become,* &c.] Flaws are sudden gusts. Impostors *to* true fear, mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place.

Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fye, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;[6]
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:——Give me some wine, fill full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,[7]

[6] *Ere human statute purg'd the* gentle weal;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes;* or rather that state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure.

[7] —— *to all, and him, we* thirst,] We *thirst*, perhaps, means we desire to drink.

And all to all.[8]

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit[9] thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?[1] You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,[2]

[8] *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all; such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.*

[9] *If trembling I* inhibit —] i. e. forbid.

[1] *Can such things be,*
And overcome *us like a summer's cloud,*
Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us?

[2] —— *You make me strange*
Even to the disposition that I owe,] Mr. Steevens explains

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations,[3] have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?[4]

these words thus:—*You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words, —*You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours, on the trial, is found to exceed it.*

[3] *Augurs, and understood* relations, &c.] Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he,) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, of which the modern *mag* is the abbreviation.

[4] *How say'st thou,* &c.] i. e. *What do you think of this circum-*

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.[5]
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.[6]
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

stance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter? The circumstance on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *be* scann'd.] To *scan* is to examine nicely.

[6] *You lack the* season *of all natures, sleep.*] i. e. you stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require.

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HECATE, *meeting the three* Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;[7]

[7] —— *vaporous drop profound;*] This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to have shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment.

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magick slights,[8]
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away,* &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

[8] —— *slights,*] Arts; subtle practices.

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's son under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;[9]
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,[1]
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king,[2] that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

[9] *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*] The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives.

[1] —— *and receive* free *honours,*] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed,* not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery,* without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

[2] —— the *king,*] i. e. Macbeth.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. My prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:[3]—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.——
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

[3] Harper *cries:*] *Harper* may be a mis-spelling, or misprint for *harpy*. The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,[4]
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;[5]
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;[6]
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;[7]
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[8]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

[4] —— *maw, and gulf,*] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

[5] —— ravin'd *salt-sea shark*;] *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey.

[6] Sliver'd *in the* moon's eclipse;] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a slice*.

[7] *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;*] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So solicitous, indeed, were our neighbours, the French, (from whom most of our prejudices, as well as customs, are derived,) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military sport of the quintain, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. STEEVENS.

[8] *Add thereto a tiger's* chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves[9]
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,[1] and trees blown down;

[9] —— *yesty waves* —] That is, *foaming*, or *frothy waves*.
[1] *Though bladed corn be* lodg'd,] Corn, prostrated by the wind,

Though castles topple[2] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[3] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly[4] show.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*[5]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning.

[2] *Though castles* topple —] *Topple* is used for *tumble*.

[3] *Of nature's* germins—] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr.

[4] —— deftly—] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. *Deft* is a North Country word.

[5] *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd[6] my fear aright:—But one word more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

[6] *Thou hast* harp'd—] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest;[7] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise[8] is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

[7] *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed.

[8] —— *what* noise—] *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *musick*.

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?[9]
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:[1]
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo[2] smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,[3]
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

[9] —— *to the* crack *of doom?*] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense.

[1] *That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

[2] —— *the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*—] To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub, dirty*, or *begrime*.

[3] —— *cheer we up his* sprights,] i. e. spirits.

Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line.[4] No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

[4] *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, succeed in it.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[5] for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season.[6] I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves;[7] when we hold rumour[8]
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

[5] —— *natural touch:*] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

[6] *The fits o'the season.*] What is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture.

[7] —— *when we are traitors,*
And do not know *ourselves;*] When we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves.*

[8] —— *when we hold rumour* —] i. e. believe rumour.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for

there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.[9]
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?——What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

[9] —— *in your state of honour I am* perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour.

Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady* MACDUFF, *crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:[1] Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,[2] I will.

[1] *Bestride our* down-fall'n birthdom:] The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution.

[2] —— *to* friend,] i. e. to *befriend.*

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom[3]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[4] But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul[5] would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness[6] left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

[3] ——*and wisdom*—] That is, and *'tis* wisdom.

[4] *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*
In an imperial charge.] A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Though all things foul,* &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Why in that* rawness—] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel.

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd![7]—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

[7] *Thy title is* affeer'd!] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd.

Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust;[8] and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,[9]
With other graces weigh'd.

[8] —— *grows with more pernicious root*
*Than summer-*seeding *lust;*] The allusion is to plants; and the sense is,—"Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

[9] —— *All these are* portable,] *Portable*, i. e. bearable.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste:[1] But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

[1] *From over-credulous haste:*] From over-hasty credulity.

I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[2]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king:
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

[2] ——*convinces*—] i. e. overpowers, subdues.

Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;[3]
Hanging a golden stamp[4] about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.[5]
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,

[3] *The mere despair of surgery, he cures;*] Dr. Percy, in his notes on *The Northumberland Houshold Book*, says, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected the cure of the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion, however, the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets.

[4] —— a *golden stamp*, &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*, of the value of ten shillings.

[5] *My countryman; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. Steevens.

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.[6]
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,[7]
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,[8]
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

[6] —— *should not* latch *them.*] To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it.

[7] —— *fee-grief,*] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. It must be allowed that, in both the foregoing instances, the Attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the Poet.

[8] *Were, on the* quarry *of these murder'd deer,*] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?[9]
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember that such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission;[1] front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

[9] *At one fell* swoop?] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry.

[1] *Cut short all* intermission;] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time.*

Heaven forgive him too![2]

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physick, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,[3] I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her

[2] ——— *if he 'scape,*
Heaven forgive him too!] That is, if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also.

[3] *Since his majesty* went into the field,] This is one of Shakspeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers.

walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is murky![4]—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard?

[4] —— *Hell is* murky!] *Murky* is *dark*. Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place

What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.[5]

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir,

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at

to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

[5] —— *you mar all with this starting.*] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady* MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated,[6] and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[7]

Ang. Near Birnam wood

[6] *My mind she has* mated,] i. e. *amated,* dismayed.
[7] *Excite* the mortified *man.*] i. e. a *religious,* an ascetic.

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who, knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths,[8] that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?[9]

Cath. Well, march on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin[1] of the sickly weal:
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,

[8] —— unrough *youths,*] i. e. smooth-faced, unbearded.

[9] *When all that is within him does condemn*
Itself, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

[1] —— *the medecin* —] i. e. physician.

To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.——Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt,[2] nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon![3]
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand——
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

[2] *Shall never* sagg *with doubt,*] To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload.

[3] —— *loon!*] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow.

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[4]
Is fall'n into the sear,[5] the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.

[4] *I have liv'd long enough: my* way of life, &c.] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:

——*my* May *of life.*

I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.

The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

This opinion, however, has been ably controverted by some of the commentators.

[5] ——*the* sear,] *Sear* is dry.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;[6]
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land,[7] find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.——

[6] —— skirr *the country round;*] To *skirr*, signifies to scour, to ride hastily.

[7] ——— *cast*
The water of my land,] *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: *A Wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:[8]
Towards which, advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come:* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise? [*A cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair[9]
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

[8] —— *arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.*

[9] —— fell *of hair* —] My hairy part, my *capillitium.* *Fell* is *skin.*

There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave!
[*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee:[1] if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood

[1] *Till famine* cling *thee:*] *Clung*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:[2] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,

[2] *Seems* bruited:] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise.

My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air[3]
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;[4]
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

[3] *As easy may'st thou the* intrenchant air—] That is, air which cannot be cut.

[4] —— palter *with us in a double sense;*] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *Head on a Pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,[5]
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*[6]

[5] —— *thy kingdom's* pearl,] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament.

[6] This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

*** THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The first and second of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the second Act, in a scene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other song, which is sung in the third Act, the first words *(Come away)* are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuscript in the collection of Major Pearson. Whether this song was written by Shakspeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be ascertained. MALONE.

ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow;
Nor single: following crimes on former wait:
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2 *Witch.* He will—
1 *Witch.* He shall—
3 *Witch.* He must spill much more blood;
And become worse, to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
4 *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs perish, should we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no musick but our mew:

Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, singing drowsy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of those we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's dismal voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE V. HECATE *and the Three* WITCHES.

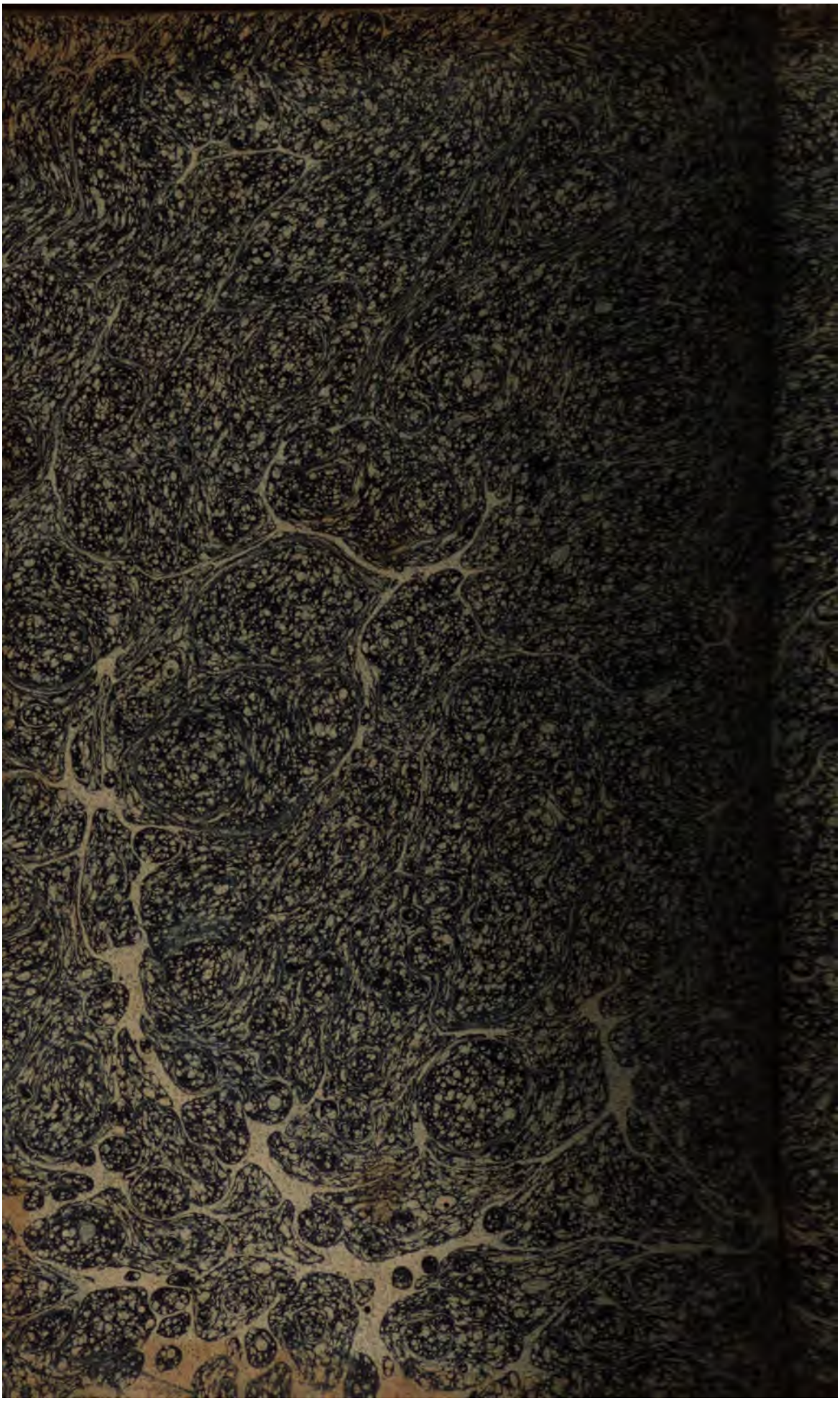
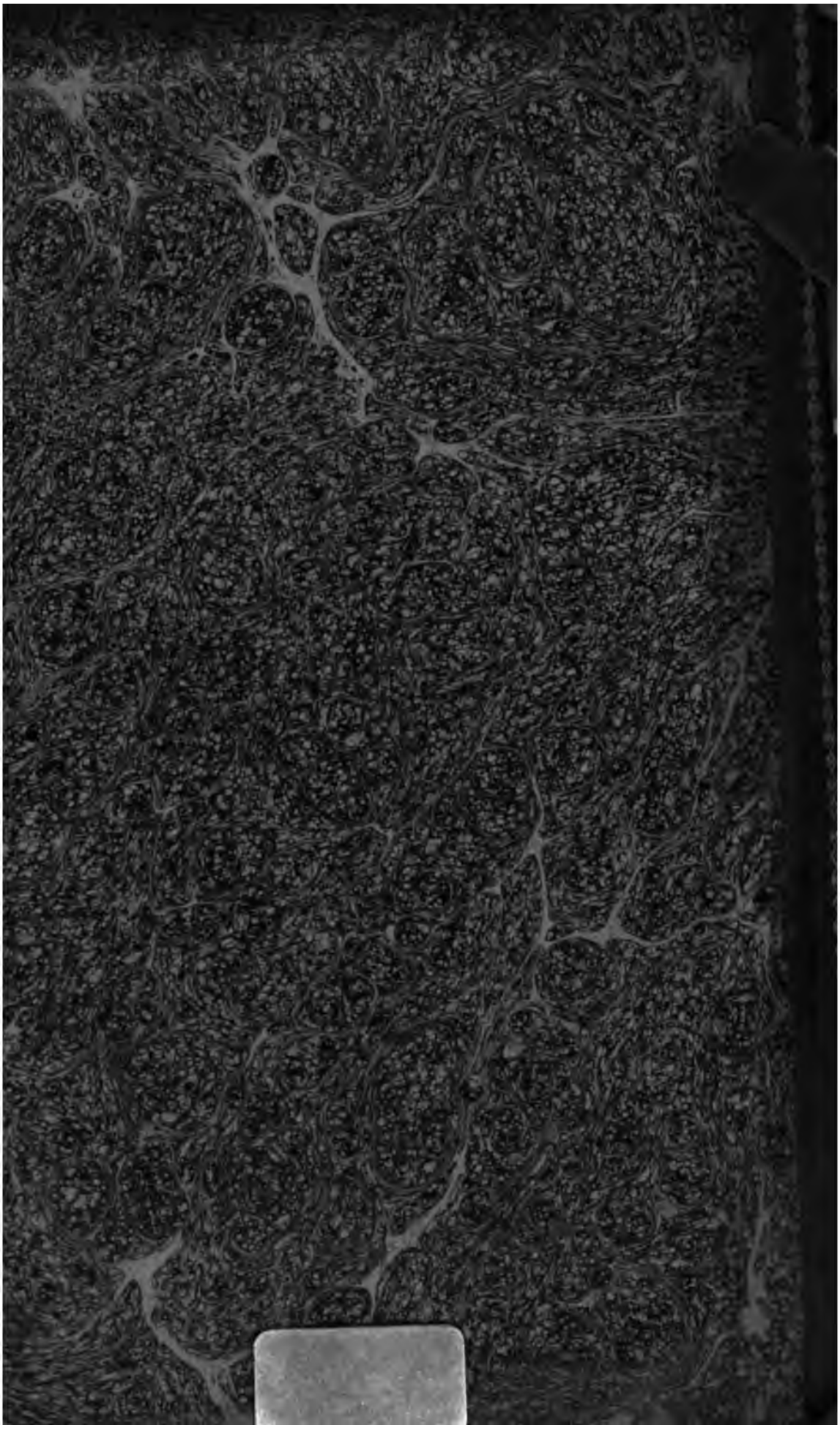
MUSICK AND SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadling?
2. Here. [*within.*]
Hec. Where's Puckle?
3. Here; [*within.*]
And Hopper too, and Helway too.
We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but 'noint, &c.
[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
[*A Machine with* Malkin *in it descends.*
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
Hec. O, art thou come? What news?
[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or else refuse.
Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;
[Hecate *places herself in the Machine.*

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i'the air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and misty fountains;
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Nor cannons' throat our height can reach. [Hecate *ascends*.

1 *Witch*. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

2 *Witch*. But whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt*.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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